

Hi teach!

Who she?

Looka *her*! She's a teacher?

Is this 304? Are you Mr. Barringer?

No. I'm Miss Barrett.

I'm supposed to have Mr. Barringer.

I'm Miss Barrett.

You the teacher? You so young.

Hey she's cute! Hey, teach, can I be in your class?

Please don't block the doorway. Please come in.

Good afternoon, Miss Barnett.

Miss Barrett. *My name is on the blackboard.*

Good morning.

O, no! A *dame* for homeroom?

You want I should slug him, teach?

Is this homeroom period?

Yes, *Sit down, please.*

I don't belong here.

We gonna have you all term? Are you a regular or a sub?

There's not enough chairs!

Take any seat at all.

Hey, where do we sit?

Is this 309?

Someone swiped the pass. Can I have a pass?

What's your name?

My name is on the board.

I can't read your writing.

I gotta go to the nurse. I'm dying.

Don't believe him, teach. He ain't dying!

Can I sharpen my pencil in the office?

Why don't you leave the teacher alone, you bums?

Can we sit on the radiator? That's what we did last term.

Hi, teach! You the homeroom?

Pipe down, you morons! Don't you see the teacher's trying to say something?

Please sit down. I'd like to—

Hey, the bell just rung!

When do we go home?

The first day of school, he wants to go home already!

That bell is your signal to come to order.

Will you please—

Can I have a pass to a drink of water?

You want me to alphabetize for you?

What room is this?

This is room 304. My name is on the board: Miss Barrett. I'll have you for homeroom all term, and I hope to meet some of you in my English classes. Now, someone once said that first impressions—

English! No wonder!

Who needs it?

You give homework? . . .

Put down that window-pole, please. We all know that first impressions—Yes?

Is this 304?

Yes. You're late.

I'm not late. I'm absent.

You are?

I was absent all last term.

Well—sit down.

I can't. I'm dropping out. You're supposed to sign my Book Clearance from last term. . . .

Quit your shoving!

He started it, teach!

I'd like you to come to order, please. I'm afraid we won't have time for the discussion on first impressions I had planned. I'm passing out—

Hey, she's passing out!

Give her air!

—cards for you to fill out.

In ink or pencil?

I don't remember when I was born.

I can't hear you—what did you say?

They're drilling in the street!

Close the window.

I can't—I'll suffocate!

From the suggestion box...

I wish other teachers would be brave like you and put in a Suggestion Box. They're always telling us what's wrong with us, what about the other way around? Boy, would I like to tell them off. But you're O.K. even if you are a teacher.

(You said we don't have to sign our name)

Don't think you'll get off so easy just because you speak nice and don't seem scared of us, last term we had a man teacher and we made him cry.

Yr. Enemy

Can you make the chalk stop from squeaking?

Nervous

Don't call the Roll so early.

Late Bird

Best marks go to cheaters and memorizers. Marks depend on memorizing and not on real knowledge. When you cram into your head for a test you may get a high mark but forget it the next day. That's not an education. I suggest just *Good* and *Bad* at the end of the term on report cards. Or maybe nothing.

—Frank Allen

Cheat is Teach backwards!!!

Doodlebug

Don't call on me when I don't know what the answer is, it makes me look dumb in front of the class. You always call on the others when they know what the answer is.

Edward Williams, Esq.

You're a good teacher except for the rotten books you have to teach like the *Oddissy*. I wouldn't give it to a dog to read.

Disgusted

I want to thank you for giving me your time after school, for encouraging me to write, for trying. But

Youth

March 14, 1965
Vol. 16 No. 6

Editor:
Herman C.
Ahrens, Jr.

Associate Editor:
Joan Hemenway

Art Consultant:
Charles Newton

Administrative
Secretary:
Clara
Utermohlen

Editorial Address:
Room 800
1505 Race St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUTH magazine is prepared for the young people of the United Church of Christ. Published bi-weekly throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by United Church Press. Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, \$3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one address \$2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents each. For 64-page issues, 25 cents each.

Subscription offices: Division of Publication, Board for Homeland Ministries, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

with 40 others in the class, whose problems are so different, I realize how little you can do, and I feel we are both wasted.

Elizabeth Ellis

I don't understand them big words you use, and I'm busy after school. Every day. You'll have to prove yourself on your own time.

Joe Ferone
(P.S. I wish I could believe you.)

Continue teachin myths and books of all kinds. This is a good idea and I believe future generations will benefit by it. I wish also to commend you and to thank you for taking an interest in mine and the class as a whole's grammar.

Harry A. Kagan
(The Students Choice)

I have a math teacher for English and a typing teacher for Eco and you for Home Room and for French they keep changing around. I'm willing to do my best if they would only meet me 1/2 way.

A True Pupil

Having sprained my ankle in handball the nurse gave me a cup of tea. Is that suppose to help my ankle?

Athlete

English would be much better off with more teachers like you that take an interest in their pupils instead of teaching just because they have to due to circumstances. Well ever since you elected me judge, I, for one will never forget you as long as I live. You made me feel I'm real.

Jose Rodriguez

The trouble starts with where we live and not where we go to school. I mean crumbly tennements.

I think all whites blacks and browns and yellows should get together and intergrate against the reds (Commies) and pinkos.

Dropout

Teachers are ruining America.

Zero



In a letter to a friend...

These children have been nourished on sorry scraps, on shabby facsimiles, and there is no one—not at home, not in school—who has not short-changed them. . . .

There is a need for closeness, yet we can't get too close. The teacher-pupil relationship is a kind of tightrope to be walked. I know how carefully I must choose a word, a gesture. I understand the delicate balance between friendliness and familiarity, dignity and aloofness. . . . I want to get to know all of them. One way is to help them say whatever is uniquely theirs in their own words, for words are all we have. I am eager to read their compositions, to empty the Suggestion Box, to listen. . . .

I keep remembering what Ferone had said to me. "What makes you think you're so special? Just because you're a teacher?" What he was really saying was: "You are so special. You are my teacher. Then teach me, help me. Hey, teach, I'm lost—which way do I go? I'm tired of going up the down staircase."

So am I.

What is it I wanted? . . . I wanted to make a permanent difference to at least one child. "A Teacher I'll Never Forget"? Yes. I wanted to share my enthusiasm with them; I wanted them to respond. To Love me? Yes. I wanted to mold minds, shape souls, guide my flock through English and beyond. To be a lady-God? That's close. I wanted to fight the unequal battle against all that stands in the way of teaching. To blaze a trail? Indeed. Yet I am about to quit. Am I but another dropout?

I think of new kids that will come and go, dropping without a ripple out of sight. The same kids, but with different names, making the same mistakes in the same way. I think how little anyone can do, even with love, especially with love.

But this teacher did not quit. Her fictional name is Miss Sylvia Barrett. An eager and dedicated young English teacher in a high school in a poor section of New York City, she is the heroine of a new satiric novel, *Up the Down Staircase*, written by Bel Kaufman, who in real life taught in the New York public school system for 15 years. The book is shocking, because it's all too real. It is funny, because human inconsistencies are always laughable. It's sad, because so many of us do not recognize the absurdity of our own human mistakes. But the book is hopeful, because there are still teachers like Sylvia Barrett who love their students enough not to drop out.



religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

“A SKETCHED AFFAIR”



BY THEODORE BESMANN / As Tim doodles, he glances frequently Joan, across the classroom, each time just missing her gaze as the people try to communicate their feelings. Then, Mr. Weber's shadow appears on Tim's desk, the music grows tense, he picks up Tim's scribble and looks at it critically. "CUT—great scene, print it!"—The action is not taking place in Hollywood, nor in a big New York movie studio. It is taking place in an art room in William Cullen Bryant High School in Long Island City, Queens, New York. The high school Motion Picture Production Workshop is filming movies. It is the first film workshop in the United States to come near to doing this type of work in a high school.

Tom Neumann and Steve Lesberg, both 17 years old, are the originators of this unique organization. They are deeply interested in film. Tom, ever since he can remember, took home movies and often wrote his own fictional stories. When he was 13, he worked with a lighting crew in an off-Broadway theatre, learning as much as he could about the trade. Steve worked professionally as an engineer for a movie



radio show. He is interested in the technical part of the industry. The boys met at school, where their common interest led them to start their own commercial film company—Twin Studio Productions. During a break, Steve, camera in hand, explained: "We began with static, single shots. Now we're moving much faster with hand-held camera technique, the way it was used in 'Tom Jones' and 'A Hard Day's Night.'"

How did it all get started? "We had our own little 8-mm. company," Steve answered. "So we began contacting professional film people and visiting television sets." On a visit to the set of "East Side/West Side," now a nationally syndicated television show, they met director Tom Gries, who suggested that they work through their school, thus avoiding much red tape. Mr. Gries also has directed the television shows, "Stoney Burke," "The Defenders," and "The Reporter." At the time the suggestion didn't seem to be a good one to the boys, but as they met more obstacles with their private company, they began to inquire about a workshop at school. They discussed the idea with other professionals they knew. Among the people they spoke to were Jack

"To have a movie production workshop in our school means work, self-discipline"

BRYANT
MAKING OWN F

Teen-Agers Shoot V
of Boy-Meets-C

By HOWARD THO

In an extracurricular workshop at William Bryant High School, Queens, 24 youngsters completing a short in 16-millimeter film. "A Sketched Affair," produced, directed, and photographed by the students.

Priestly, who won an Emmy for the photography for the "Patty Duke Show." From others they learned that a group such as theirs would be the first in a public school. With this in mind, they set to work substantiating their hopes. They found they could get plenty of support from the Board of Education of the City of New York, provided the workshop proved to be successful.

Their problem now was finding a faculty advisor. They spoke to various teachers and they discovered that David Weber, an art teacher, had taken a course in the "art of film" at New York University. He was also interested in motion pictures. In the summer of 1964, at university, he helped in the production of a short vignette, entitled "Bread and Puppets," which showed a puppeteer's thoughts and feelings. Steve and Tom asked Mr. Weber if he wanted to help them start a workshop—and his answer was an immediate yes.

The newly-created organization next had the problem of finding a source of revenue. They had to sell their idea to the G.O. Executive Council. After much persuading, they received a budget of two hundred dollars for the fall of 1964. This was later raised to three hundred and eighty dollars. This decision by the G.O. made the workshop an official school project.

Then applications for membership were distributed throughout the school, and out of over 100 of them, 29 industrious students were selected. This group will be enlarged to 30 or 40 when the spring term comes. Thus, the workshop was ready to work. The first film, naturally, would be pivotal. All the members of the workshop submitted scripts, and through their combined efforts "A Sketched Affair" came into being, a carefully blueprinted shooting script detailed down to

each camera take. The story line is relatively simple. It is about a boy, played by Tim Clark, in an art class, who through his doodling meets a girl, played by Joan Scibelli, whom he only watched from afar. The equipment for the film was rented at a discount from a professional company. One of the costliest items was a 16-mm. camera mounted on a dolly, which could be then wheeled about to follow the action, and had a seat for the cameraman to sit on.

Once the shooting and editing were complete, the entire sequence was set to music. Popular songs were used, such as "I Can't Get Used To Losing You," sung by Andy Williams, "It Won't Be Long," by the Beatles, and the "James Bond" theme, which appears in all of his movies. When the film was finished, it was shown to the principal, Dr. Irvin Sulo Hecht, and the heads of many departments in the school's makeshift screening room. The movie turned out much better than was anticipated. It pleased everyone and proved to be the deciding factor of whether or not the workshop would continue to exist.

As a result of its being the first of its kind in the United States, the workshop has received a great deal of publicity. The first came in the form of an article in the *New York Times* which was accompanied by a large photograph. Another article in the *New York Sunday News* shortly followed. The organization has since been sent inquiries from four magazines, and a Boston television station. Additional letters and phone calls to the workshop necessitated the creation of a public relations department, headed by student Ted Besmann, who handles the numerous communications.

The William Morris Agency, the largest theatrical agency in the world, has asked to see the film, and also to speak to Tom and Steve. Their help in this undertaking would greatly increase the potential of the workshop. Also, through this publicity, many professionals in the motion picture industry have offered their services to the workshop. A few of them have already addressed the group.

The Board of Education has asked the workshop to produce an instructional film, and said that it would be used in the schools of New York City. They donated eight mm. equipment and color film and left the group to work as they saw fit. The subject finally agreed upon was the microscope. The workshop decided to use some new techniques in producing this film. They suspended a piece of glass, on which they placed the instrument, to give it the appearance of floating. Also, excellent shots were taken through the microscope of specimens provided by the school. This film was directed by Tim Clark and photographed by Jesse Drucker. It will most likely be narrated by a bi-



*“Liveliest of the
seven lively arts
is the movies”*



ology teacher and may be more interesting than most education films.

A major film is now being planned for the spring, which will be shown in the auditorium, where the workshop will charge admission in order to repay the G.O. It will be 16-mm. and possibly in color. Brant's creative writing class, headed by Mr. Sidney Seifer, will write the script with the help of a professional writer. It is expected to be a light comedy. The workshop plans also to have a color expert help them during the shooting, if need be.

One of the primary goals of the workshop is now in sight—that is, the status of the class as a credit-bearing course. David Weber remarked on this point—“These boys and girls work harder here than they do in some major courses.”

The main object of the workshop is to teach. One of the reasons why there has never before been a workshop on this level is because



the tremendous amount of self-discipline and work that go into it. Students have stayed many times till all hours, working on a project. The organization brings teenagers in contact with the "backstage" of movie-making. Steve and Tom envision it as a recruiting service for an industry which is one of the few that cannot do its own recruiting. Steve Lesberg said, "Movies are the liveliest of the seven lively arts, and because of the workshop in Bryant High School there may be a trend of similar projects which we hope will crop up all over the nation. This is only the beginning."

Tom added: "We want our pictures to help stimulate student interest in the medium as an art form. Bryant isn't much of a movie-going school. It needs more school spirit, too. This can help, we think. We hope something good will come from all of this. We might even make a good movie." ▼



IN REMEMBRANCE / HENRY N. TANI

"The Holy Terrors" was not a teen-age gang in the usual sense. It was a lively group of ambitious youth who met regularly at First Reformed Church, a mission for Japanese-Americans in San Francisco. Their adult adviser was Henry Tani, a local insurance salesman. And his work among them gave a hint of the dynamics and dedication of the 25 years of lay ministry which were to follow. In those years, thousands of lives—young and old—were touched by this man and his work. Last month while driving to yet another gathering of teenagers where he was to speak, Henry Tani died of a heart attack.

Each man is known by what he is to many persons in many situations. To the people of the Illinois Conference of the United Church of Christ, Dr. Henry Tani was their new state-wide Director of Christian Education. He had come to that job last September after 13 years of national leadership among the church's youth, first as Director of Youth Work of the former Evangelical and Reformed Church and then as chairman of the Youth Ministry Staff of the United Church of Christ.

To many young people and adults throughout the nation, Henry Tani was the man who held their rapt attention and stimulated their thinking and imagination when he spoke among them at summer camps, workshops, retreats, interdenominational rallies, and youth forums. To numerous workers with youth, Henry Tani was the author of *Ventures in Youth Work*, which after eight years is still a standard "textbook" in its field and widely used interdenominationally and in seminaries. To his colleagues, Henry was a man of tremendous energies, full of ideas such as Dedicated Dollars, Heritage Heyday, and "cube" groups, and a prolific writer of articles, memos, and program guides. To youth leaders of other denominations, Henry Tani was the chairman of such key committees as the one which shaped the CBS-TV program "Look Up and Live" and the author of *Youth and the World-Wide Mission*. To friends of Lakeland College, Henry Tani was the man they lauded with an honorary Doctor of Laws degree.

To leaders of youth movements around the world, Henry Tani was that provocative American who was chairman of the Youth Section of the World Conference on Christian Education at Tokyo in 1958. While in Japan Henry and his wife visited the homes and graves of their ancestors. He had a great respect for both his religious and cultural heritage.

Henry had grown up in the church. His father, Tsuneo Tani, was baptized by a Japanese Episcopalian priest and became very active in religious and evangelistic work among the Japanese immigrants along the West Coast in the early 1900's. His efforts even took him to Alaska. Tsuneo was one of the charter members of the mission in San Francisco supported by the former Evangelical and Reformed Church.

Henry's mother, Michi, was graduated from a Methodist mission school in Tokyo before coming to California as a "picture bride" under the Oriental

system of match-making. Last year in a letter to Henry she reminisced about his father: "Papa was a 'picked soldier' for God and for Christ. He was a fearless fighter. For this reason, our family was often neglected and sacrificed, and we had many difficult times. However, now I am most grateful for him." Tsuneo had even toyed with the idea of seminary training but his knowledge of English was limited. Recently Henry recalled "My father died in 1935, but he left me this rich heritage of ministry and concern for his fellowmen."

Henry's family roots were deep. Both as a son and later as a father and husband, Henry was loyal to his family. When his father died, Henry delayed his studies at Stanford University long enough to get the family back on its feet again. Then shortly after he was graduated and had begun an insurance career, the outbreak of war brought the forced evacuation of all Japanese-Americans from their West Coast homes. The Tani family was assigned to the Topaz Relocation Center in central Utah. There he and his friends set out to make the most of it—creating the conditions of community and ordered living and establishing a school for 1000 junior and senior high students. Henry became the assistant principal of Topaz High School. After the war, although he had known the hurt of prejudice, he was not bitter. He knew the greater need for brotherhood.

Although he gave much of his time and effort to others, Henry never ceased to be deeply concerned for his own children. And always standing by him was his wife, Rose. Their children represent them well: Dick, a graduate student at Wesleyan University of Commerce; Steve, a sophomore at Stanford University; John, a senior in high school in Lombard, Ill.; Christine, a high school sophomore; and Daniel, age four.

The importance of the family in the life of a young person held much of Henry's concern—both in terms of parent-youth relationships and in terms of helping youth prepare adequately for their own marriage. Among his many efforts along this line were two pamphlets, *Memo to Parents of Youth* and *According, A Parent-Youth Code*, and a study course used often in camps, *Christian Youth Grows in Mature Love*. Henry felt that the church was not doing enough to bring together like-minded young people who shared those things that form the foundations of a successful marriage. He even played with the idea of a church-sponsored "marriage bureau."

The need for adults who understand teens and who care enough to help was a major emphasis in Henry's work. He felt that if the youth ministry was to be meaningful, it was strategic for the churches to secure cultivate and hold capable and concerned teachers, counselors, and adult workers with youth. He conducted hundreds of training sessions in every state and welcomed each opportunity to reach potential leadership. And to encourage healthy and honest involvement among teens and adults in an on-going youth program, he urged the creative use of a wide variety of resources, discussion techniques, unstructured get-togethers, and small-group approaches. But even within the mutuality of person-to-person encounter, the adult was always to remain an adult among teens.

The Henry Tani Family (l. to r.): Dick, Christine, Rose, Daniel, Henry, Steve, John



Although Henry Tani was 50 when he died, he always seemed much younger. He was a man of action. He became silently restless when a committee would simply sit and talk and fumble for hooks to hang things on—and not act. He made a good chairman. His mind moved fast. It jumped. It rode piggy-back when stimulated by others. His probing was contagious. Young minds were stirred. And when deeper minds got too deep, Henry's simple, honest question restored understanding to all. He was an innovator—often breaking out of old patterns. Yet he was orderly and persistent in plotting a new pattern. There was nothing sloppy about him—whether it be an outline for a speech or his personal attire. His whole appearance was alive with vitality—his gestures, his inflections, his eyes, his unique way of putting words together, and the genuineness of his caring about others. His was a life of deep commitment to God and to Christ. He loved his theology. He was real to young people everywhere. His language was understood by all. Henry Tani was a pioneer layman in a world of the uninitiated. And he has left us this heritage of ministry and concern for our children.



Mekong River Project / Is m

BY KAY LORANS / While daily headlines report conflict and discontent from Southeast Asia, turbulent Saigon was the meeting place on January 1965, for one of the most significant cooperative ventures the region has ever known. And perhaps it even held the promise of a pattern for peace and progress in the future. The occasion was the opening of the annual session of the Committee for the Coordination of Investigations of the Lower Mekong Basin. In welcoming representatives from other nations, Vietnamese Vice President stated that, despite many difficulties and obstacles, his country had never ceased to fully support the Mekong River development scheme.



answer for Southeast Asia ?

This unusual "scheme" has for the past seven years eclipsed historic rivalries and current ill will among Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and Vietnam, the four delta countries through which the Mekong River flows. It has won their attention and support, as well as that of 24 countries and 11 agencies of the United Nations, because the enormous economic, social, and technical advantages to be derived from it cannot be ignored.

The Mekong is one of the greatest rivers in the world. It flows from its source in the mountains of the Tibetan plateau in China, along the border of Burma, through the lower basin occupied by the four countries shown above, into the South China Sea. Some 77 per cent of the total drain-

The Mekong River is one of Southeast Asia's greatest natural resources. Tenth longest in the world and third longest in Asia, it flows 2670 miles from its source in Red China to its mouth in South Vietnam. Twenty million people currently live within its watershed. With the population doubling in the next 25 years, these delta countries must increase rice production by at least 4% per year or people will go hungry.



The economy can be aided best by wise

age area of the river lies within the four countries of the Lower Basin where 20 million people live in a space larger than the states of New York and California combined. In the past, the Mekong has been a giant asleep, emerging from its slumber only long enough each year to flood millions of acres of land in the delta. Its tremendous potential for power production, irrigation, navigation, and flood control has been virtually untapped.

Steps to awaken the giant were first taken in 1951, when one of the United Nations regional commissions, the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE), requested its Bureau of Flood Control to conduct a study of the technical problems of international rivers. The Mekong was selected, the four countries of the Lower Basin agreed to the project and an appraisal of the possibilities of large-scale multi-purpose development of the river's lower basin was set in motion. As additional studies increased the awareness of the river's potential resources, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and South Vietnam were quick to see the advantage to further study and joint development of the Mekong River. In 1957 they established the Committee for Coordination of Investigations of the Lower Mekong Basin "to promote, co-ordinate, supervise and control the planning and investigation of water resources development projects."

The Committee's first action was to request the United Nations to send a group of international experts to carry out further comprehensive study

POWER AND IRRIGATION ALONG THE MEKONG / The average person living on the banks of the Mekong River earns from \$65 to \$100 a year, does not know how to read, has a hard time getting enough food to eat, and an even harder time getting any kind of medical care should a member of the family be hurt or ill. Rice is the dominant crop everywhere, but cotton, tobacco, coffee, rubber and timber are also found. There is very little industry, and what there is is mostly related to farming. Yet if the land were properly irrigated, two crops of rice might be grown annually instead of just one. Other crops might also be planted so that a crop failure would not spell total disaster to an economy. If there were dams, destructive floods would be halted. If hydroelectric power were developed, the river could give massive production of light for homes, farms, schools, hospitals, streets, and power for fertilizer chemicals, forest products, agricultural, textile, and other production. Thus industry might be attracted to develop untapped resources and diversify the economy. But to remove these "ifs" will take time, money, ingenuity, and coordination. The ironic paradox is that the Mekong Project now needs a base of regional peace and security if it is to receive the necessary support and be developed to the point where it can contribute to the peace and stability of the region. It holds forth possibilities of growth and strength for all countries in the region, but all of them, and the external powers involved, will first have to achieve a state of peace in which the project seems assured of reaching fruition. Then the requisite funds and technology will continue to be pledged.

Land and water of a river's rich basin

and recommend detailed plans for joint action. Lt. Gen. Raymond A. Wheeler of the United States was appointed to conduct a three-month survey. He submitted a report in February 1958 suggesting a multi-purpose program of studies and data-collection which could lead to future development and construction. "Thus developed," the report read, "this river could easily rank with Southeast Asia's greatest natural resources. Wise conservation and utilization of its waters will contribute more towards improving human welfare in this area than any other single undertaking." The United Nations appointed an Executive Agent to oversee the Committee's daily work and created an Advisory Board of experienced engineers from France, India, the United Kingdom, and the United States to give additional impetus to the task.

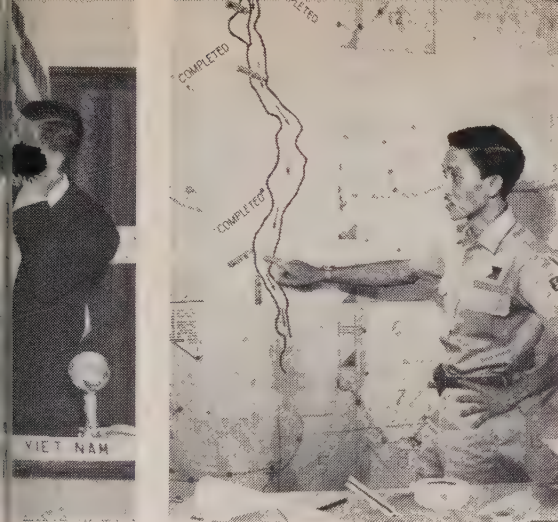
As the four lower Mekong countries tackled the river projects, financial and technical assistance flowed in from many sources. By mid-1963 the Committee's resources totaled over \$37 million. All this support gave the project an unusual degree of momentum. The first five-year program of investigations was completed in four years, and a second one for some \$21 million has been projected. Money is also available to begin actual construction of two projects. Investigation is thus being gradually transformed into investment. The Mekong scheme has now achieved a stage requiring extensive backing for full future development. ▶



Science offers progress if men cooperate

Impressive as the widespread international support of the Mekong program might seem, even more astounding is the regularity and loyalty with which the four delta countries have pushed forward despite the political intrigue and conflict in which they themselves are involved. In 1960, for example, tensions between Laos and Thailand were rampant, and military actions were frequently taking place in Laos. The Committee nevertheless decided unanimously to go ahead with its scheduled meeting in Vientiane, Laos. The Laotian Prime Minister welcomed the group with these words: "Your meeting here today . . . provides tangible proof that political turmoil and the contradictory and often misleading information which it produces can in no way affect the profound feelings of international friendship and solidarity which unite the peoples working within your Committee, nor can they do anything to affect the teamwork you are indefatigably pursuing . . . I hope that, in this way, the four riparian countries, united in the implementation of this great enterprise, will still further intensify their friendly relationships, within a framework of close cooperation."

What makes this cooperative undertaking so durable, in the midst of political turmoil? C. Hart Schaaf, Executive Agent of the Coordinating Committee, wrote: "The Mekong Scheme has not been involved in the global politics of the Cold War. It is a technical and economic enterprise which seeks to benefit all the people of the four riparian countries, without distinction as to race, religion, or politics. As this concept becomes increasingly understood, the project becomes increasingly popular. And this popularity would be a strong shield against the endeavors of any particular political group to capture it for partisan purposes."



Surveyors from the Philippines are among engineers, scientists, diplomats, and economists from 25 nations who have already been at work for seven years planning and constructing a vast network of projects to bring flood control, irrigation, electric power, and, navigation to the lower Mekong basin.

It politics fails to find a common mind

In short, all of the 25 participating nations see nothing antagonistic to their interests in this program. Clearly the development of the Mekong with all the benefits this will bring to the economic and social life of the area can be most effectively accomplished through a regional-international approach. The political leaders who must endorse the cooperation see its undeniable merits and are willing to associate with other leaders to advance it, even though they may be staunch rivals on many other issues.

Will this program bring peace and stability to the region? Does this profound venture in cooperation and the "Mekong spirit" it engenders offer any sensible way out of Southeast Asia's political chaos? These are questions that men of goodwill and international concern have been asking about the peacemaking potential of similar cooperative enterprises since they began. Specialized agencies of the United Nations, such as the World Health Organization, the Universal Postal Union, the Food and Agriculture Organization, and UNESCO, testify to the attractiveness of almost universal cooperation on limited fronts. When a sufficient number of countries see that it is advantageous to employ a regional or even world-wide approach to accomplish a specific task, they are willing to band together and forge a solid base of cooperation.

The element common to most of these successful cooperative undertakings, however, is that their content is technical rather than political, and the scope of their activity is well-defined and limited. The record of being able to transfer cooperation in limited *technical* spheres to peaceful cooperation in the larger *political* arena has not been praiseworthy. Men seem to be quite skilled at separating their recognition of economic and

When interviewed by CBS-TV for a report on the Mekong project for "The Twentieth Century," UN General Secretary U Thant called the project "one of the most important . . . activities ever undertaken by the United Nations." The four nations of the lower Mekong basin—Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam—are being aided under the auspices of 11 UN agencies and by financial and technical assistance from 24 countries and three foundations. Before completion within 25 years, the projects may cost two billion dollars. Two big questions remain unanswered: What will be the communist response to the project? Are the economies of the four delta nations ready to use the benefits of the project?



A continuing shadow over Southeast Asia

technical *interdependence* from their myths of political *independence*. They are quite capable of promoting constructive cooperation in the one area while permitting destructive competition in the other. "Scientific man," writes one author, "has created the facilities for bringing peoples of the world closer together, but political man has not yet found the means of creating a common consensus of basic outlook."

This is not a hopeful conclusion to draw, nor is it the only one that should be drawn. It has been suggested that the Mekong River development program could be used as a means of clearing the conflict-strewn grounds of Southeast Asia. All the nations involved in the region's security, including the United States and North Vietnam, could commit themselves to the advancement of this development program, agree to cessation of armed conflict and the withdrawal of national military units, and replace them with a United Nations force established by the UN General Assembly and financed by interested member nations. However, in light of prevailing conditions in the United Nations and in Southeast Asia, thoughts of immediately implementing this suggestion border on pipe dreams. But the idea should not be discarded. While the United States and North Vietnam will not stop fighting because of the Mekong Project, they may, for a variety of reasons, decide to conclude a cease-fire agreement within the foreseeable future. Guarantees of mutual cooperation in and contributions to the



Red China's quest for dominance

ong Project could then be a vital part of the settlement package. If developed at full speed, it would be good insurance for the area's future stability and for the freedom of all the countries therein from domination by any one of them.

Even if this specific proposal is never accepted as a reasonable way out, the Mekong basin projects and other functional programs on a regional or global scale do have a contribution to make to peace and stability. Any activity which brings men into a cooperative relationship with one another exercises a positive influence on all of their relations. Any time a pattern of cooperation is established, an area of potential conflict is eliminated. It is misleading to believe that cooperation on one level is "habit-forming" or contagious and that it will inevitably bridge all divisions and political gaps. It is not and it will not, but it is nonetheless a healthy pattern to keep before the eyes of men. Today the existence of the Mekong River development program does not mean instant peace, but it does add a highly creative block of cooperation to a structure that badly needs sturdy components of peace and security and it offers excellent grounds for the hope that South-east Asia's stability can one day be secured. ▼

LORANS / Formerly on the staff of *YOUTH* magazine and later managing editor of the *Journal of International Affairs* while a graduate student in the School of International Affairs, Columbia University. Miss Lorans is currently on the staff of *International Conciliation*, a publication of the Carnegie Foundation.

اعراض غرناطة للبنين

[illegible]

western student in a near eastern world

Tim Weiskel spent the summer of 1963 with the American Field Service exchange program in Damascus. Since then his interest in the Near East, the Arab-Israeli conflict, and the political instability of Syria has continued and deepened. Tim graduated from Newton High School in Newton, Mass. He is following up his interest in religious studies and contemporary Arab politics at Yale University where he is a freshman.



Question: "What is the slowest place in the world?" **Answer:** "Syria, it has only three revolutions per year." (Ha, hah.) This popular joke told among Americans highlights much of the misunderstanding that exists between the United States and the Near East. In fact, Syria is one of the "fastest" places in the world. It is modernizing its social, economic, and religious customs at a terrific rate, and it is only natural that such rapid change would be reflected in the country's political activity. The fact that Americans choose to joke about such political activity is indicative of the lack of understanding and sympathy which Americans have for the developing nations in the Near East—a misunderstanding which must be overcome if we as Americans expect to be accepted and respected by such developing nations as Syria.

During the summer I was among a group of seven Americans to participate in the American Field Service exchange program to Damascus, Syria. The seven of us sailed from New York to Rotterdam with other European-bound students, and from there we continued on to Damascus to join Arab families for the summer. Expectation and excitement had built up during our trip. We had all shared information about the Near East, but reading books didn't make me feel any more confident. I was a little afraid of the coming experience.

I didn't quite know what to expect in Damascus. Would I be accepted as a Christian in a Moslem family? Would I be able to tell them what I thought? I couldn't speak Arabic and the father and mother of the family couldn't speak English. Even if I could break through the language barrier, would I be able to break through the cultural barrier? After all, I was a "Westerner" and Damascus was in the heart of the Near East. I had

Half-way around the world, I felt right at home

read that in the Near East Arabs were often suspicious and mistrustful of Westerners, and I wondered if I would meet such hostility. In short, I wondered to what extent I would be accepted and understood, and to what extent, in turn, I would be able to accept and understand the Arab people. But my fears and doubts were soon dispelled when I arrived in Damascus. All of us were given the warmest welcome possible by our Arab families. They were anxious to meet us and overjoyed that we had finally arrived.

I was to spend the summer with Arjane and his mother and father at their home just north of Damascus. Their immediate warmth and hospitality was overwhelming. I was so grateful! There I was, half-way around the world, and yet I felt right at home in such a kind-hearted family. I soon found out that they, too, wanted to be accepted and understood. Arjane and his friends helped me very much by explaining their customs and at the same time they kept asking my opinion as if they were seeking my approval and acceptance. As the summer passed, we continued to develop in mutual acceptance and understanding.

Syria and Syrians: During my summer stay I was introduced to Syrians and Syrians by my AFS brother. The first group of people I met were Arjane's closest friends. Most of them had just finished their last year at the "lycée" (high school) and many of them hoped to continue their studies in Damascus or abroad. All of them spoke perfect English and excellent French. They showed great interest and even greater patience with my attempts to learn Arab expressions and phrases.

The students were all well versed in the latest styles and fads of the Western world. They particularly enjoyed French singers and much of the French popular music. We were cautioned on the trip to Damascus not to expect Western social conduct. After all, we were going to the Near East, and the "twist" would probably be frowned upon in Damascus. We soon found, however, that the twist had been popular for several months. In fact, the graceful and rhythmic movements which the Arabs had added put all of us Westerners back in the last century by comparison.

In addition to seeing Damascus itself, I had the opportunity to see much of the rest of Syria. My family was very kind in showing me sites of particular interest within driving distance of Damascus. Later in the summer Arjane and I traveled with some of the other students to northern Syria and over to the Mediterranean coast. Both during my stay in Damascus and my travel throughout Syria, I came to realize that Syria was a country of sharp contrast.

Wet and Dry, Hot and Cold: The most striking physical contrast is between the fertile areas where water is plentiful and the barren areas where there is no water for years on end. In the area around Damascus there is usually not a cloud in the sky from April to October. Unless there is some kind of watering system available, it is impossible to keep things alive. Damascus, however, is watered by several springs and streams.



Above: My Arab brother (second from left) talks politics with student friends while a farmer in the background sells freshly-picked vegetables.

Below: The public fountains in Damascus shoot water into the dry air within a few miles of the barren desert where lack of water is a problem.



Differing ways of life and conflicting values between

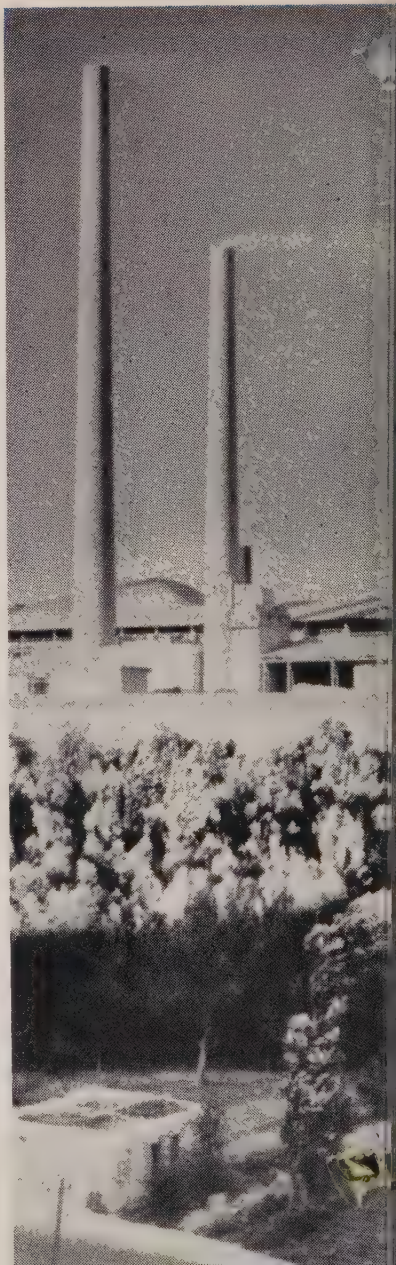
"Chuta," a section to the southeast of the city, is some of the most fertile land in the Near East. In the city itself there are some very beautiful private and public fountains which shoot water into the air; less than two miles away the desert borders the outlying sections of town.

During some of the days in Damascus the temperature reached 120 degrees. From our house, however, I could look to the Southwest and see snow on the top of Mt. Hermon in the middle of July. This type of sharp contrast in the physical setting gives Damascus its striking beauty.

Young and Old: In addition, Damascus, and Syria as a whole, form a peculiar combination of the ancient and the new—the old and the young. The market place in Damascus is the most graphic combination of these contrasts. Little shops and stores have recently been set up among the columns of what used to be a Roman temple 2000 years ago. Farmers from outside Damascus come into town with their donkeys laden with vegetables which they sell to a customer who drives away in a late model Buick. Often traffic jams result from disputes over who has the right of way—a shepherd with eight or ten goats, or a car with eight or ten riders.

Most revealing, however, was the contrast between agriculture and industry. My Arab father was the foreman of the machine shop of one of the largest textile factories in Syria. We lived right next to the factory, and within a stone's throw, farmers worked their land and fed their livestock.

The farmer and the worker in the textile factory lead two completely



Factory workers and farmers cause tension in Syria

different lives. The farmer's day begins with the sunrise. He passes most of his day irrigating his small plot of land, planting a new section of vegetables, or keeping his animals from straying away. His day ends at sunset. By contrast, the factory worker on night work shift would just begin his work at 11:00 p. m. His work would end at seven the next morning. The factory operated on three eight-hour work shifts, and each worker would have several hours of leisure time before or after his shift. In addition to free time, workers also enjoy greater mobility than the farmer. After work the factory men hop on their bicycles or catch a bus and go to the center of Damascus. The farmer rarely leaves his farm except to take his farm goods to market.

The factory worker is of necessity involved more directly in the country's politics. The textile factory is one of Syria's biggest economic assets and there is much argument as to whether or not it should be socialized for the benefit of the government. The wage earner has both more time for, and more interest in, the current political activity.

The different lives of the farmer and wage earner cause each to have different standards and expectations. The wage earner values innovation and the newer things of an industrial society. The farmer values traditional methods and he has a particular pride in the "time-tested" way of life. These conflicting values and contrasting expectations are the basic cause of much of the internal social, economic and political tension in Syria.

Political and Military Power: In July of 1963 there was an attempted coup d'état in Damascus. It was the third shake-up of the year and, as we found out later, it was the bloodiest revolution since Syrian independence in 1946. At the time I recorded some of the events in my journal:

"As we approached the center of town I noticed people running on the sidewalks. Something was amiss. People in cars, bicycles and busses began making swift U-turns. It was soon apparent why. We were in the middle of a military gunfight. We quickly turned the car around and veered into a side street. Three men with their red head bands were making their way down the street armed with machine guns. Man, did we make a fast exit around the corner! The reaction of the people was mostly panic. Rightfully so, for after all, no one wanted to stop a stray bullet. I must admit that of a sudden I was something less than courageous.

"As we drove to the edge of the city, army trucks rolled up to major street corners and unloaded men. The members of the 'national guard' seemed to pop out of the walls. They wore plain clothes but all carried guns. The road out of Damascus was teaming with people leaving the center of town. Bicycles, pedestrians, runners, donkeys, horses, carts, cars, and trucks—anything that would move. At the major fork in the road we abruptly stopped. The officials questioned Arjane and inspected his papers. Then they turned to me. Not knowing what else to do I reached

Pride in being an

for my passport. He looked at it
let us pass . . .”

The events of these few days made me realize how much I had taken for granted in American politics and life. Politics in Damascus are a dramatic affair. Everyone's life is dramatically involved in and affected by political change. I realized how uncertain life as an Arab teenager would be. Even my education could depend largely on the current political trends. Another factor which distinguishes Syrian from American politics is that political and military power are more closely associated. In America the military is not likely to intervene in a forceful way in politics; at the same time, the army enjoys a certain autonomy in the purely military affairs. Also, the army is considered a tool of American foreign policy, rarely does it direct domestic politics. In Syria, however, there is not such a clear distinction between political and military power. In fact, they are synonymous. As a result, political change often means military violence.

But despite the disturbing factors of instability, insecurity and chaos which characterize so much of Syrian politics, there is one over-riding factor which the United States lacks for comparison. Syrian politics is characterized, more than anything else, by involvement. The events of the revolutionary days made me realize how everybody was directly affected by politics whether he wished to or not. In addition, people were committed to politics as a vital part of their lives. One may say that the Arab people have often been manipulated or even misguided, but

Political posters are pasted on century-old Roman columns while a minaret of a Moslem mosque is visible in the background.

often expressed in anti-Western sentiment

are not apathetic. Syrians may have become disillusioned with a particular political regime, but they have not become disillusioned with politics.

East and West: In addition to these economic and political tensions, there is an underlying tension between the Near East and the West. Western Europe and the United States has served as examples for countries like Syria in their recent modernization. I found that my friends were all very proud of their television sets, their radios, and their cars. Arjane knew quite a bit more than I did about how these things operated. His father was especially clever. In the factory machine shop he could make gadgets which he had seen advertised in Western magazines, and he could usually improve on most of them.

Syrians often admired the affluence and accomplishments of the West, but at the same time they resented the influence of the West in the Near East. Syrians and Arabs throughout the Near East are realizing that Britain and the United States are making large amounts of money from Near Eastern oil. There is a growing self-awareness in the Arab world. Syrians, both young and old, are discovering the value of their religious, racial, and linguistic traditions. There is a conscious pride in being an *Arab*, and this self-conscious pride is often expressed in anti-Western sentiment.

Both the pride and the anti-Western feeling were apparent among our student friends. Once we were all trying to plan a group get-together with Syrian and American students. One of the Americans, trying to be helpful, suggested an efficient way of getting everyone together; but a Syrian student turned to the American and yelled, "You Americans aren't here to tell us how to get things done!" This incident and other similar incidents indicated that although we had grown to know and love each other as friends, there was still a deeply felt resentment of the West.

The threat of the Western influence is painfully apparent to the Arabs in the Zionist state of Israel. The Arabs feel betrayed by Britain and the United States. It is primarily Britain and the United States that support the Zionist movement; and the Syrian students feel that Zionism is responsible for the loss of much of their most valuable land and for the present suffering of the Arab refugees. As an American, I was continually asked, "Why do you Americans betray us by supporting the Zionists?"

The combination of admiration and bitterness which the Syrians felt towards the West produced a strange ambivalence which I became aware of as the summer progressed. By the end of the summer, however, Arjane showed more patience with me as a Westerner and I found myself sympathizing more and more with the Arab aspirations and the anti-Western, anti-Zionist sentiment as well. But throughout the summer the hospitality and warm acceptance of my Arab family overcame the inherent barriers of hostility between East and West, as we all grew in mutual sympathy and understanding.

It's the same old thing day after day. Listening to lectures. Memorizing dates and data and formulae. Always crummy kids. No learning to think things through. No talking with teachers as friend to friend. Dissecting "literature" from the long-dead past. Studying science outdated by this morning's headlines. Training for a vocation soon to be doomed by automation. Cramming for exams. Others cheat, while I sweat! And always my parents pushing me when I want to be free and then not caring when I need them most.

SOMETIMES I GET FED UP WITH SCHOOL.

O God, help me to rise above the temptations of the moment and to see the bigger purpose which the present often hides.

I want to be grown-up, but I'm still growing. I want to do what's right, but I'm not yet sure. I want to be accepted for what I am, but who am I? I need to know so much more before the fullness of life is mine. Is not school my time for getting ready? O God, help me to make the most of it.

From the daily routine at school, help me to find a pattern of life.

From my mixing with all types of people, help me to grow in understanding myself and human nature.

From hours of study and lecture, help me to learn the discipline of creative listening and informed thinking in my endless search for truth.

From men of ages past, help me to grasp a concept of humanity that will shape my perspective for facing the future.

From the maze of activities and assignments, help me to mold a mature sense of responsibility.

From the hypocrisy and confusion of today, help me to sift right from wrong and gain confidence in the right.

From the fast pace of today's living, help me to equip myself to meet the challenge of change, to find security in that which does not change, and to avoid being blindly swept along with the crowd.

From my "teachers" at home, at school, at church, and in the community, help me to firm a foundation for a life fitting to be called Christian.